

## Your Creamery Extends Holiday Greetings!

Also reminds you that we want your  
orders for

**Milk, Cream,  
Buttermilk,  
Butter,  
Cottage Cheese**

PRICES REASONABLE.

Deliveries Wednesdays and Saturdays, afternoon  
Phone 81.

## Christmas at Christ's Birthplace

**A**T last I am come to the market place, at one end of which stands the Church of the Nativity, marking the holy, lowly birthplace, says a writer in Army and Navy Life. There is only one entrance from the street, and it is so low that in entering one is forced to bow the head and assume a posture of reverence. When once inside I raise my eyes I feel the lashes wet.

The ceiling is lofty, the walls white-washed and bare, while the ancient dark beams and rafters add to the air of extreme simplicity. There are long rows of marble pillars, once adorned with paintings, that are all but faded now, and of the once glittering mosaics of the clerestory only fragments remain. Coming into the choir and apse, the scene is suddenly changed. There are numerous altars of diverse ownership under a constant and jealous guardianship of Latin, Greek and Armenian. Over these various claims there has been much and bitter dissension; blood has been spilled more than once. In fact, as all the world knows, the Crimean war began with a mob riot in the Church of the Nativity—sacrilege of sacrilege!—and here was born the Prince of Peace!

Down the dark and winding stairs, slippery with the drippings of count-



BEND LOW AND KISS THE GROUND FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

less candles, I make my way to that lowly place into which first came the light of the world. The grotto of the Nativity is a cavern beneath the church, long, narrow and low ceiled, with pendant lamps of precious metal and rare workmanship lighting the gloom. The floor is marble, and wonderful old tapestries, pictures and silk hangings cover the walls. A marble cradle in one corner commemorates the manger, and in a recess on one side a dozen or more hanging lamps are ranged around in a half circle.

Before the altar there all men bend low and kiss the ground for Christ's sake, for it is here a silver star is set to mark the birthplace of him whom his mother called Jesus. The center of the star is glass, and through it one may see the original rocky floor of the stable. To the north of the grotto underneath the floor one may also see the cave in which St. Jerome spent many peaceful years translating the Bible into Latin.

The effect of the whole is impressive, but in an unfamiliar way. I am conscious of a feeling that is almost resentment against the lamps and tapestries and the marble floor. They seem to level to the cheapness of worldly riches a spot that, of all places on earth, should have been allowed to remain tranquilly humble and dimly sacred, true to the character of its holy, transcendent memory.

I close my eyes for a moment, while mind and heart rebel against the present, until it vanishes and the atmosphere of the past, in all its deep and wondrous mystery, returns to envelop my soul. "I am here, in Bethlehem," I whisper to myself, and beyond closed lids I see the Virgin mother with her gentle face as the old masters loved to picture her and a "light that never was on land or sea" in her beautiful mother eyes, while the glory from one low hanging star touches a Baby's hair. The fragrant scent of new hay is in my nostrils, I hear the soft breathing of nearby cattle, and above the murmur of pilgrims' prayers the voice of the Magi is saying, "Lo, we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."

To Light Yule Log Properly.

There are thousands who still firmly believe that to light the Yule log with the charred remains of its predecessor of a year ago means twelve months of good luck for the provident householder and his family. But it has always been considered an evil omen if a squinting person, a barefooted person or, worst of all, a flat footed woman, enters the room while the log is burning.

## THE YELLOW FRONT

Together with its PROPRIETOR and its Employees  
wishes each and every one a

**Merry Christmas  
and Happy, PROSPEROUS New Year**

CLAUDE  
JIM

MAX  
MACK

We aim to serve the public  
to the best of our ability.

We solicit a share of your  
patronage for 1916.

We also wish to thank those  
who have helped us build  
the business we now have.

Next in Order.

The Professor—Latin, being a dead language—The Sophomore—High time it was cremated.—Exchange.

Like Our Own Moon.

Observations made at the Lowell observatory of the varying brightness of two satellites of Saturn, viz., Mimas and Enceladus, indicate that these bodies rotate on their axes in periods identical with those of their revolution around the primary, i. e., they behave like our own moon, and probably like satellites generally.

His Supposition.

"So much good advice is constantly being bestowed upon engaged couples and so much of it goes unheeded," remarked Professor Pate, "that I am constrained to believe that love also laughs at jawamiths."—Judge.

## CHRISTMAS

Only a few days away.  
If you have not made up  
your mind what to give

**"HIM"**

for Christmas, you had better  
Get Busy.

**A Nice Pipe from our  
carefully selected collection.**

A Humidor of fragrant tobacco,  
or a box of Choice Cigars will  
fill the bill to "His" satisfaction.

We also invite the Boys  
to inspect our splendid  
assortment of CHRISTMAS  
CANDIES. A box of our  
delicious Chocolates or Bon-  
Bons will cause your

**Sweetheart**

To meet you at the door  
With a loving smile.

If you are married take home  
**A Nice Box of Candy to your wife**

and see the look of contentment  
and happiness come into her eyes  
as of old. Just try it this Christmas  
as an experiment. Let us assist you  
in making your selection.

**THE PAW PAW CIGAR CO.**  
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

## Jitney Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor

2 doors East of Post-office.

**RAY AND FRED WISH YOU ALL  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

We are here for your pleasure and amusement.  
Drop in and see us when in Paw Paw.

**Our Lunch Counter**

Is conducted on strictly Sanitary lines.  
We serve only the best of everything

**BILLIARDS, CANDY, LUNCH, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.**

**BOOMER & MAU, Prop'rs.**

## EMPIRE RESTAURANT

120 West Main Street,  
Kalamazoo,  
Michigan.

There is no cleaner or more  
satisfactory place to eat.

We are always pleased to  
care for your parcels while  
in the city.

Make The Empire  
your headquarters.

**H. P. RASEMAN  
PROPRIETOR.**

## Christmas Fun On a Warship

"I can't be at my own home," remarked a navy officer the other day. "I'd rather spend the holiday season on a vessel down in the Caribbean than in the greatest city of the land. Fun? Why, you don't know what fun is until you come to one of our celebrations!"

He told of many such celebrations, beginning with a musical comedy given by the crew of a protected cruiser off a South American port, winding up with a Christmas tree. It was a big tree, too, one that anybody might have envied, and the sailors had made a trip ten miles inland to get it on the previous day. From every branch there hung gifts for the diners.

Just as the big tree was fastened into place there appeared through the high window a real Santa Claus.

Down a chimney-like opening he crawled, finally leaping upon the table with such force that half a dozen glasses went crashing to the floor. Amid the applause Santa Claus proceeded to award the presents.

**"A Shine  
In Every  
Drop"**

**Get a Can  
TO-DAY  
From Your  
Hardware  
or Grocery Dealer**



That's Different.  
"Faint heart never won fair lady, you know."  
"Nonsense! I know a man who's got \$4,000,000 and a weak heart, and all the girls are just crazy to marry him."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at a play. We uniformly applaud what is right and condemn what is wrong when it costs us nothing but the sentiment.—Hazlitt.